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D. M. D.

— Poems / On his / Domestic / Circumstances. /
I. Fare Thee Well! / II. A Sketch from Private Life. / By Lord
Byron. / With The / Star of the Legion of Honour, / &c. &c. /
Seventh Edition. / Containing Eight Poems. / London: / Printed
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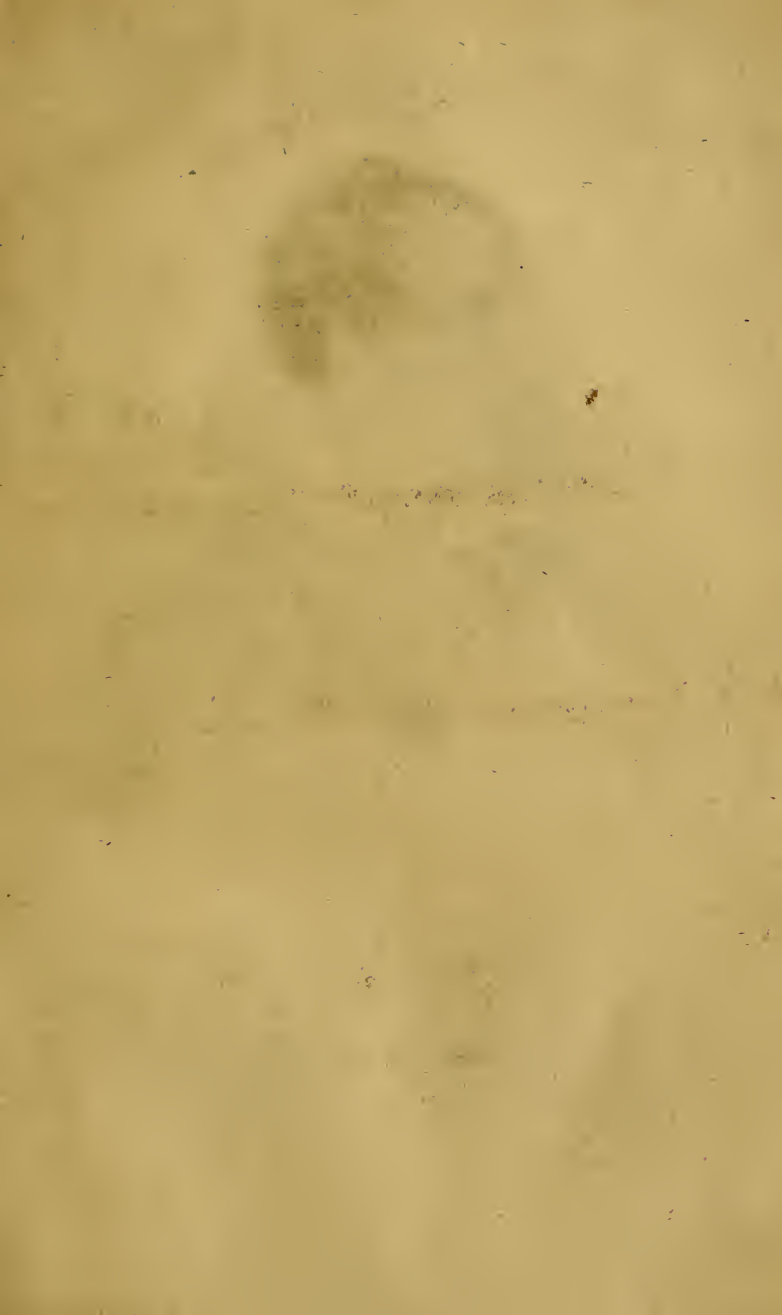
Collation: Demy octavo, pp. 31; consisting of Title-page (with imprint at the foot of the reverse) pp. 1—2; and Text of the eight poems pp. 3—31.

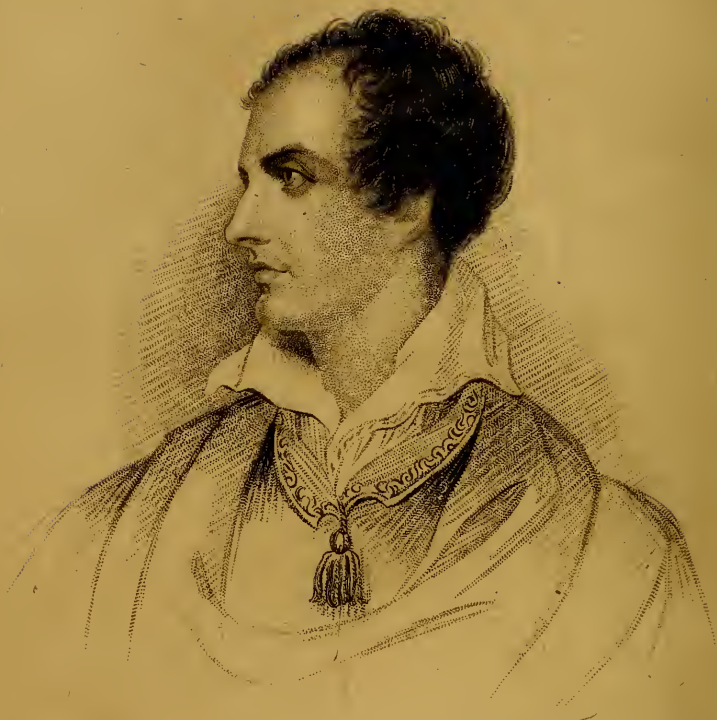
Upon the centre of the reverse of page 31 is an editorial note, with the imprint added at foot. A portrait of Byron serves as frontispiece. The pamphlet was issued without a half-title.

Bound in half green calf by Riviere, with trimmed edges.

Of the eight poems included in this pamphlet, two (the *Ode "Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!"* and *Madame Lavalette*) are spurious; the remaining six are genuine. *Farewell to France* had appeared in *The Examiner* for July 30, 1815, under the title *Napoleon's Farewell*; and *Waterloo* in *The Morning Chronicle* for March 15, 1816, under the title *Ode from the French*.







LORD BYRON.

POEMS
ON HIS
DOMESTIC
CIRCUMSTANCES.

- I. FARE THEE WELL!
II. A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

BY LORD BYRON.

WITH THE
STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
&c. &c.

Seventh Edition.
CONTAINING EIGHT POEMS.

LONDON:

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COURT; W. REYNOLDS, 137, OXFORD STREET; AND BY
ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1816.

Hay & Turner, Printers, Newcastle-Street, Strand.

POEMS.

FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well ! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :
Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then, thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so—
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—

FARE THEE WELL !

Though my many faults defaced me ;
 Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
 To inflict a cureless wound ?
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
 Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
 Hearts can thus be torn away ;
Still thine own its life retaineth—
 Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.—
These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead :
Both shall live—but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.—
And when thou would'st solace gather—
 When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say,—“Father !”
 Though his care she must forego ?
When her little hands shall press thee—
 When her lip to thine is prest—

Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—

Think of him thy love had bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble

Those thou never more may'st see—

Then thy heart will softly tremble

With a pulse yet true to me.—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—

All my madness—none can know;

All my hopes—where'er thou goest—

Wither—yet with *thee* they go—

Every feeling hath been shaken,

Pride—which not a world could bow—

Bows to thee—by thee forsaken

Even my soul forsakes me now.—

But 'tis donè—all words are idle—

Words from me are vainer still;

But the thoughts we cannot bridle

Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited—

Torn from every nearer tie—

Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—

More than this I scarce can die.—

March 30, 1816.

A

SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

“Honest—Honest Iago!

“If that thou be’st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress’ head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpress’d,
And from its wages only to be guess’d—
Rais’d from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash’d,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash’d.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—

Who could, ye gods ! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess !
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secur'd the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear. 20

Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fooled not—Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now. 30

Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below :
Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme :—now laid aside too long
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before. 40
If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will ;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find ;— 50

What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with
smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd schem-
ing;

A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—

(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)— 70

Look on her features ! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined :

Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged :—
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought— 80
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affection's light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !

Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create: 90
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with
prayer,

Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear— 100
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

ADIEU TO MALTA.

ADIEU the joys of La Valette;
Adieu sirocco, sun, and sweat ;
Adieu thou palace, rarely entered ;
Adieu ye mansions, where I've ventured ;
Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs—
How surely he who mounts them swears ;
Adieu ye merchants, often failing ;
Adieu thou mob, for ever railing ;
Adieu ye packets without letters ;
Adieu ye fools, who ape your betters ;
Adieu thou damnedst quarantine,
That gave me fever and the spleen ;
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, sirs ;
Adieu His Excellency's dancers ;
Adieu to PETER, whom no fault's in,
But could not teach a Colonel waltzing ;

Wm. Haydon

Adieu ye females, fraught with graces ;
Adieu red coats, and redder faces ;
Adieu the supercilious air,
Of all that strut *en militaire* ;
I go—but God knows where or why—
To smoky towns and cloudy sky ;
To things, the honest truth to say,
As bad, but in a different way :—
Farewell to these, but not adieu
Triumphant sons of truest blue,
While either Adriatic shore,
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
Proclaim you war and women's winners.

Pardon my muse, who apt to prate is,
And take my rhyme because 'tis gratis :
And now I've got to Mrs. FRASER,
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her ;
And were I vain enough to think
My praise was worth this drop of ink,
A line or two were no hard matter,
As here indeed I need not flatter :

But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine :
With lively air and open heart,
And fashion's ease without its art,
Her hours can gaily glide along,
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, Oh, Malta ! since thou'st got us,
Thou little military hot-house !
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the devil—
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask for what is such a place meant ;
Then, in my solitary nook,
Return to scribbling, or a book ;
Or take my physic, while I'm able,
Two spoonfuls, hourly, by this label ;
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
And bless my stars, I've got a fever.

ODE.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth;
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul:
But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
The world cannot liken thee there;
Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
Beyond the low reach of compare;
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime!

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
And welcom'd the torrent of blood ;
'Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
And wither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
Till Fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
Thou turn'd'st to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause ;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded his beam ;
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream :—
To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restor'd ;
And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that
ador'd !

What tumult thus burthens the air,
What throng thus encircles his throne?
'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts
are on fire,
For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire !

Their hero has rushed to the field;
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade !
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe ;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe ;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou ;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow !
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever ;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever ;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name ;—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far,—
I have coped with the Nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war !

Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won,—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's Sun!

Farewell to thee, France—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The Violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has
bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE;
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :
But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love ! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

*Ma
3
Byron*

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,

And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;

The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,

And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame :

To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too

Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt ;

And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,

The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,

To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,

And turns from the Stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,

While those who replaced them there, blush for their
cause :

But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory

Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,

Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story

Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

WATERLOO.

The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the famous Battle of Waterloo as well as ourselves.—Nay, they seem to glory in the battle, as the source of great events to come. We have received the following poetical version of a Poem, the original of which is circulating in Paris—and which is ascribed, we know not with what justice, to the muse of M. De Chateaubriand. If so, it may be inferred that, in the Poet's eye, a new change is at hand—and he wishes to prove his secret indulgence of old principles, by reference to this effusion.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

FRENCH ODE.

SAID TO BE DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY R. S*****, P. L. P. R.
MASTER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH INQN. &c. &c. &c.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk---
Rising from each gory trunk---
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion---
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYERE---

With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave;"
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder---
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder---
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!
When the soldier—citizen,
Swayed not o'er his fellow men---
Save in deeds that led them on
Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son---
Who of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated
Till lone tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?

Then he fell---so perish all,
Who would men by man enthrall !
And thou too of the snow-white plume !
Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb ; *
Better had'st thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name ;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.——
Little did'st thou deem when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which bursts its banks,
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee---
Of the fate at last which found thee !
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow ?
Once it onward bore the brave,
Like foam upon the highest wave.---

* Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner

Of the Eagle's burning crest---

(There with thunder clouds to fan her,

Who could then her wing arrest---

Victory beaming from her breast?)

While the broken line enlarging

Fell or fled along the plain;

There be sure was MURAT charging!

There he ne'er shall charge again!

O'er glories gone, the invaders march,

Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch---

But let Freedom rejoice,

With her heart in her voice;

But her hand on her sword,

Doubly shall she be adored:

France hath twice too well been taught

The "moral lesson" dearly bought---

Her safety sits not on a throne,

With CAPET or NAPOLEON;

But in equal rights and laws,

Hearts and hands in one great cause---

Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand,
Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter !
But the heart, and the mind,
And the voice of mankind
Shall arise in communion---
And who shall resist that proud union ?
The time is past when swords subdued---
Man may die---the soul's renewed :
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir,
Millions breathe, but to inherit
Her unconquerable spirit---
When once more her hosts assemble
Let the tyrants only tremble ;---
Smile they at this idle threat ?
Crimson tears will follow yet.


ON THE STAR
OF
" THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.



3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou did'st lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

* The tri-colour.

6.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail !
But, Oh, thou Rainbow of the free !
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, Oh Goddess ! may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

THE END.

NOTE.

*The first two Poems were last produced.—The other
SIX follow in the order wherein they were written.*

APRIL, 1816.





